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Reading Room Divinity School

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OLD SERIES, VOL. 40. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 3, 1898. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5

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THE OTHER LIFE

The hope of future life was never learned
From any scroll or tome; before the time
Expression used the art of prose or rhyme,
The heart amid its lost possessions yearned
For life beyond the grave. Love weeping turned
And hoped that in some distant, sunny clime,
Its mate survived, far from the surge sublime
Of Death's long billow; where no rose inurned
In autumn's sepulcher, at twilight brings
The breeze to mourn its fragrant life's short lease;
Where skies are bright, and harps with golden strings
Vibrate to tuneful songs that never cease;
Where heedless of the past the sad soul sings,
Forever in the shining fields of peace!

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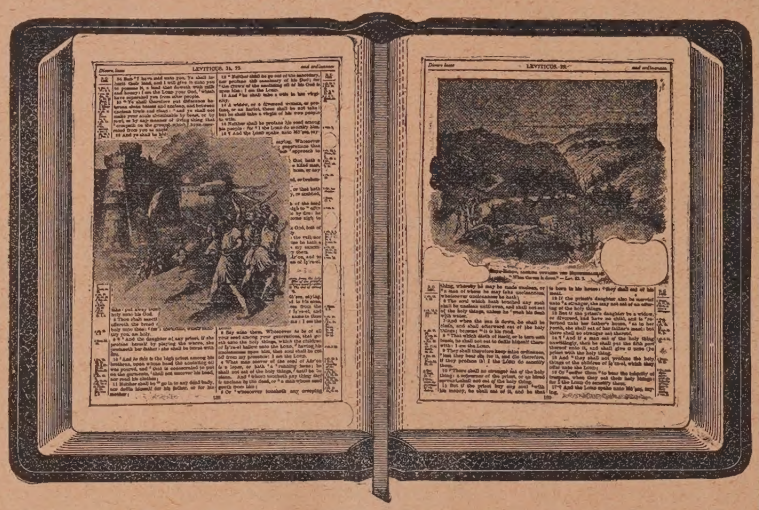

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US, 14. *They overtake the children of Israel*

may serve the E-ġŷp´tianş? For *it had been* better for us to serve the E-ġŷp´tianş, than that we should die in the wilderness.

13 ¶ And Mō´şeş said unto the people, [q] Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: [2] for the E-ġŷp´tianş whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

14 [r] The LORD shall fight for you, and ye

B. C. 1491.

q 2 Chr. 20. 15, 17 Is. 41. 10 13, 14.
2 Or, *for whereas ye have seen the Egyptians to day, &c.*
r ver. 25. Deut. 1. 30; 3. 22; 20. 4.

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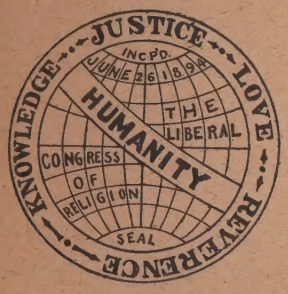
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1898. NUMBER 49



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"The generations of our race shall win
New life, that grows from out the heart of this,
As spring from winter, or as lovers' bliss
From out the dull unknown of unwaked energies."

GEORGE ELIOT.

Robert Treat Payne thinks too much emphasis is placed on the protective side of the associated charities organization, too much is said of suppressing beggary, too little of helping up those who have stumbled and who are under the wheels.

Miss Mabel Hay Barrows, daughter of the whilom editors of the *Christian Register*, our friends Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Barrows, now the Honorable S. J. Barrows, of the United States Congress, who has recently written a Greek play which was successfully rendered at Brown University, is soon to conduct a Latin play entitled "The Flight of Aeneas," in the interest of the Hotchkiss School, in Connecticut.

How easy it is to set going a train of causes that ten years from now, a hundred years from now, will continue to put tears of gratitude into human lives, that will increasingly bless and purify and refine the children of men. And how easy it is to neglect such an opportunity, to allow other forces to get under way that will continue to harden hearts, to stiffen moral sinews, to blunt the conscience and to make the world more and more a less desirable place into which to be born.

We are not surprised that Mr. Powell's new book on "Nullification" is receiving the attention it is. As we said in our earlier notice, the book is an educator of the spirit as well as of the intellect. The broader view and the larger truth always ameliorate sectional prejudices and party animosities. This book is now for sale at the office of this paper, and we take pleasure in referring those who wish to know how it is received, to the comments to be found in subsequent issue of the paper.

Martin B. Madden, the unsavory candidate for the senatorial chair of Illinois in the United States Senate, whose ignominious defeat was a relief to the decent citizens of the state of all parties, is again before the Chicago public in the guise of a "reformer" in the Republican party. He recently gave a political "love feast," attended by a large number of his associates. Perhaps Mr. Madden has profited by his experiences but we fear it will take a good while before the respectable citizens of Illinois will again trust him.

The McKinley saloon scandal of campaign days has now been cleared up and settled, according to the Pittsburg *Christian Advocate*, by the fact that at the expiration of the lease of the Canton property, January 1, 1898, the tenant was given notice to quit, and the "building is to be torn down and the property sold." Let other landlords go and do likewise. Better a vacant lot and a sale for taxes than the needed revenue "even to do good with" coined from the wretched business. It is time there was a revival of temperance interests among the respectable. This reform is never worn out nor obselete. As long as liquor-selling is not respectable and it is disreputable to rent places for such traffic, what about the drinking of liquor at such places?

Many of our readers will commend the good sense of Judge Tuley, the mentor of the Chicago bench, in appointing as official stenographer of his branch of the Circuit Court, Mrs. Annie L. Kelly, whose work as reporter has often enriched the columns of this paper. Mrs. Kelly is the manager of the Novel Section of All Souls church, one of the right hands of the Tower Hill Summer school, and has been for years the efficient reporter of conventions, religious, temperance, political, agricultural, etc. She is the first woman reporter we believe, who has received recognition by the Chicago bench. It is a merited and belated recognition and we hope that there are other women to follow. Such invasions may make for the purity of the court-room, physically and morally.

"While Indian Commissioner Pray was at one of the agencies," says the *Iowa State Register*, "a number of young men drank whisky and became unruly. They disturbed the peace. They were tried and convicted and sentenced to do a certain number of days' work on the highways. The next morning the Indians under sentence, without guard of any kind, went to the place designated and did their day's work. The next day they did the same, and so on until the terms of their sentences had been fulfilled. They never shirked, and nothing was required from them except their word that they would fulfill the conditions of the sentence. Is the word of an Indian worth more than the word of a white man?" No, but the education of their mental faculties has not yet over-topped that of their moral natures. Wait awhile.

The road upon which immortals must travel is not a plain highway. There are seductive by-paths that lead to ignominy, as well as rocky grass-grown trails which lead to the citadel of light. On the one hand disgrace, disease, and hell. On the other growth, purity, heaven. At the parting of the ways, how hard to distinguish the one from the other. At such a critical moment in the life of the young man or young woman, angels may well stand in breathless suspense lest the wrong word be said, the false step be taken, and the dear but dangerous thing be done. Great issues hang upon a "yes" or a "no." One weak, passive, delicious, altogether desirable "yes" instead of a sublime robbing, impoverishing, lose-in-the-game "no," may be a concession to cupidity that bargains for shame, while the other would pledge the power of rectitude and the dignity of right for all the years to come.

The last bulletin of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at hand touches the spirit with "Court of Honor" memories and associations. The many half-tones are very attractive. Illinois State building is to cost $20,000. A $45,000 appropriation is already made. Wisconsin is to have a $15,000 building, and many of the other states are already in line. We think more than any of its predecessors will this exposition carry with it a suggestion of mental and spiritual exhibit alongside of the material. Of sixty conventions and other deliberative bodies already announced from June to November, the Liberal Congress of Religion is logically and spiritually the climax. It ought to be the cap-stone of the noble pyramid. It will be if the friends of THE NEW UNITY do their part. If director Powell's suggestion is seconded—give us a thousand dollars and we will give to the Exposition, to the country, to the cause, and of course to the readers of THE NEW UNITY the noblest congress yet held.

Illinois is again honored (!) by her governor. This time a rheumatic wrist prevented his doing the honors of the state in the recent reception to President Dole of Hawaii. He took refuge at Hot Springs, in Arkansas where, notwithstanding the "wrist" he distinguished himself by killing thirteen little birds out of fifteen that were let loose from a basket for that purpose, and then after accomplishing this feat of sportsmanship which the humanities of the "advanced hunter" have outgrown, he rose to the dignity of presiding at a "cake walk." Great is Illinois! And proud are its citizens!

Mary A. Livermore, in last week's *Woman's Journal*, gives an interesting column of information concerning the work which the Rev. George W. Cooke is doing upon a "History of Woman," and to further which work it is proposed to raise by subscription an annual sum of a thousand dollars a year that Mr. Cooke's work may be pushed to a successful issue. In justification of this fund Mrs. Livermore well says that it is a work *de novo*, that the facts must be sought for not in volumes but in libraries. Mrs. Livermore says that President Andrew D. White spent from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars in collecting the facts for his great work on "The Warfare of Science with Theology." The figures are probably far below the actual truth in the matter. Here is a work which, if as well done, will necessarily imply more labor and more cost. THE NEW UNITY sincerely hopes that the one hundred persons who will give ten dollars a year for the next few years will be promptly forthcoming. Unless otherwise informed any such subscriptions sent to the care of the *Woman's Journal*, Boston, will doubtless reach the right place.

Folly always follows crime. It was a crime for Princeton to set up a gin mill for college boys. When driven to shut it up by the persistent action of *The Voice*, followed up by the action of the synods and the presbyteries of the United States, wisdom would have said, be true to the demand of the fathers and the mothers of the boys entrusted to your care. But at the alumni dinner at Princeton held recently in New York city, that very one of the professors who signed the petition for a whisky bar was greeted with an uproarious ovation. And to crown sin with shamelessness, President Patten boldly announced that "Princeton would not be bound by the demands of ecclesiastical bodies," and then added a sneer at prohibition. Around him were hundreds of Princeton boys and Princeton professors, greeting his words with yells of delight. Did the world ever see such a sight before? Not a word in favor of temperance, not a word of sympathy for the thousands of boys subject to temptation in their formative years, not an anxiety expressed

for the moral welfare of those placed under his care. Most appropriately the boys from another college came to greet President Patten, bearing a bottle of champagne, draped in college colors. I will not name the college, for I do not believe that the action of these boys represents the true spirit of that institution. Let Princeton have her glory to herself.

Re-formation.

There is a great truth in the old doctrines of repentance which must not be abandoned by the religious teacher. Science reinforces scripture text in teaching that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and the mistake made must be unmade.

The young man may dandle with his cigarette, toy with his cigar, dally with his bowls and his cut-glass decanter. He may take to the cross-cut methods in business, indulge what he ought to suppress. He may smile at it all as the innocent preliminary to a useful life. He will make abundant promises to himself, his lady-love, his mother, and his God, that he means to make it all right in the long run, that he purposes to be a worthy citizen, a good husband, a home-maker, a devout child of God some time, only now he wants to "see a little more of the world," have his fling with the boys and "sow a few wild oats." Alas, "the long run" will only emphasize his folly and exaggerate his mistakes. Whatever prosperity is in store for him will surely leave the withered sinew that was the lot of Jacob in the old Bible story. The young woman that tampers with hearts, the young man that toys with the cash account, the preacher that puts the rusty padlock of conservatism upon his lips when his brain is fermenting with radical inquiry, that he "may do more good," all the powers of heaven will see to it that the vengeance which overtook Jacob at Jabbok will follow them all.

A man must wrestle with his cowardice, face his shame, and realize that in this alone is there hope for renewal.

This is eternally true to the laws of the spiritual life. We may play false with nature, with body or mind, carry a meanness up and down the world, thinking that nobody knows it. Vain hope! verily the Greeks were right when they said "The gods see everywhere" The walls have eyes. The pavement stones have tongues. They will testify to the duplicity. Like the murderer in the story, the very sparrows chatter his guilt. All things terrify him. The soul is alone in the world and will continue to be so until it tears from it all but itself. In the silence and privacy of her own room Lady Dedlock tore her hair, flung away her jewels and shrieked "My child! O my child!" She threw away her false life, clasped her child to her bosom, rushed out into the darkness to die on the grave of him whom she had wronged. Some way or another, man must down the tempter and triumph over his meannesses. He must grapple with his meanness until he wrings a blessing from the very curses of life and, as Longfellow says,

> Out of our very vices frame a ladder.

The etymology of the word "enthusiasm" would seem to indicate the "God within" or "God-possessed." Reformation is the permanent within ourselves throttling the transient within ourselves, the mortal in his triumphs passing over to the side of the immortal. Reformation is something profound, something radical, something high, life-forming. Reformation is not shame. Regeneration is not regret. We believe in resolutions. We believe in great pledges of the soul to itself. We must change smiles for tears if need be for the time being that we may the more successfully overthrow our foe, leave behind the things that so fetter and humiliate, leaving the soul free to do the *hard* and not the *easy* things, the things we *ought* to do, and not the things we *like* to do, or what is more often, the things other folks like to have us do. Of all the hard things that wait upon our doing, the hardest thing is to unmake the mischief we have perpetrated in the past. The great struggle that is before us as churches and as individuals, is not to conquer the "hard times" without, but the "hardness of hearts" within. The question is how to atone for our meannesses, how to win back a lost estate. It must forever be as long a way out of a mistake as it is into a mistake. Habit is unmade only in the way it is made. One cannot correct in a moment's or a day's agony the encrustations of years of wrong-doing or of non-doing.

A ship-master, taking on board a tropical cargo smuggled into the hold some choice but perishable fruit, thinking he might enjoy the dainties when the ship was unloaded at the northern port and he had regained his contraband cargo. In the long journey through equatorial seas, the perishable fruit decayed, and the decaying matter bred the germs of disease, and pestilence broke out. In spite of flushings with water and generous use of antiseptics and disinfectants the disease spread and body after body was given to the sea. The ship-master alone knew the cause, but he hoped to win the port and then he would atone for the loss and renovate his ship, but at last when his own child withered in his arms, and his wife lay prostrate in the cabin he summoned the crew, loosened the derricks and began to give the cargo to the deep. Bale after bale of precious goods, package after package of innocent freight were thrown overboard, that at last he might reach the seat of the pest, the hidden iniquity, the slight sin. At last the festering mass was reached, the putrid stuff hoisted out of the hold and given to the

deep. Now the flushing was of avail, the disinfectants were efficient. The sick recovered, and the ship-master, without cargo, with loss of revenue, with saddened and impoverished life, made the port but not with a plague-smitten ship. The vessel was sound, the air was wholesome, and the chastened master was trusted, and other voyages were successfully made. It is never too late to mend, only there must be a mending.

How shall I a habit break?
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist.
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone,
Ere content or love be won!
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last.

Boys.

The word boy always has a special effect on me. A real, right down genuine boy, is about the finest piece of work the world holds. That I say for it as a mother. Do you remember Tennyson's lines:

Willie, my beauty, my eldest born, the flower of the flock,
Never a man could fling him; for Willie stood like a rock.
Here's a leg for a babe of a week, says doctor, and he would be bound
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

Well, just the physical beauty alone is enough of a well-begotten boy; but there comes the gracious manliness. Each year he is another and a new boy. Each year, if well-begotten and well-educated, he is a more glorious creature. But ah! the educating and the begetting that most of them get! It is not worthy the name. Can you pass over your mother's care to another, and bear your baby by proxy? Well then, no more can you transfer his educating and after-birth training. Why should you try. The most delicious joy in this world is that of love and trust between parent and child. When this is what it may be, and ought to be, it is a thrill of soul and body; a peace, an ecstacy.

Boy-saving seems to me about the finest thing the world can be about. At present you would think the chief end of social life was to ruin boys. They are unsafe everywhere. Before they are seven years of age most of them have more or less polluted minds. Their bodies are being destroyed before they are half built up. A normal school investigation reports that the young teachers with scarce an exception, confess that at a premature helpless age vileness of language and thought was imparted to them. A firm in Syracuse, N. Y., was raided recently, whose business is to circulate sexual books of the worst sort among school children. In Chicago another was raided; but found protection of a political sort. The country has many more of these cormorants of souls. But the saloon and the viler dens are not the whole of it. The semi-manhood and shallow womanhood that is everywhere met is even worse. What is called society, and what by a great lie has secured the claim to be so esteemed, par excellence, is almost wholly degenerative, and the result is our boys have false ideas of behavior as superior to character; and are esteemed for their shallower qualities.

The problem of what can be done with those boys who are born badly, and have no good heredity, is hardly as serious as that of those born in reputable homes. Here the state can step in and control the development. There is a chance for honest, common sense to get hold of these and lift them. In this country we are working or trying to work out some experiments of value for the children of the poor; but none at all for the children of the well-to-do. For real human economy we shall have to look to the newer nations farther west. Australia is far ahead of us in boy-saving. There is not an ophanage on that continent. They do not recognize the word orphan. The whole state is canvassed for home vacancies—places where children can be homed. Then every destitute child is placed in some one of these vacancies. The foster parent receives one dollar and a quarter a week. When of school age the child must be sent to a public school. These children are all under police control. The inspector visits every child twice a year to see if its conditions are favorable. When fourteen years old the boy begins to work, and his wages are placed in a postal savings bank; and at seventeen he is allowed to begin a life for himself. The advantages of this system over our spasmodic and never complete work is that it is thorough and economical, and that it recognizes the value of home influence. The *Medical News* says: "We Americans ought to raze every orphanage and orphan asylum in the United States. We have outlived the method. They do not fulfil their purpose." "Sentimentalism, religious enthusiasm, and pseudo charity alone perpetuate the monastic idea involved in the orphanage. Children have been and are huddled together in large towns; and supported, washed, fed, and drilled, doctored, and amused, with a heavy mortality each year, in the name of charity. But the children that have once tasted liberty prefer the dry goods box to the white counterpaned bed, and its attendant institutional life. It would be better to recognize at once that as civilization advances, the functions of the state must

advance into new fields." I believe that the waif and child of the gutter should be, without exception, taken possession of by the state. Baseness should be removed from sight and hearing promptly. Its demoralizing influence on our children is very great, and it is incurable. But it can largely also be personally removed. Everything that is unhomed should be restored to home conditions. The two ideas do not conflict. The gutter born and hopelessly unhomed by birth should become state children, not to be institutionally reared, but to be placed in homes of a better sort. In this way we obliterate the lower strata of society as fast as we elevate the higher.

The proper study of a boy must never omit his adaptations under the laws of evolution. Our education forgets that he is above the animal mainly by virtue of his hands. While the vocal chords have been improved above those of his Simian ancestors, and while the brain case has been enlarged and some departments of it practically created new, yet the marked dissimilarity between the boy and the monkey is that the one has completely liberated his four feet from their service as feet, and turned them into tool natures and tool uses. With this point clearly in mind, manual or hand education assumes an importance that it has not received even with the most advanced educators. It is necessary to say that whether education be adjusted to cultivate brains or not, public and private education should be adjusted to cultivate the hands. When this is done you have lifted the boy steadily above the animal and you have released him from subjection to animal needs and tendencies. It follows that manual instruction involves moral culture, more certainly than brain culture? We may hope to live to see our schools readjusted so as to give half of each day to training the hands and skill and craft. We may hope to see every school planted in the middle of a garden and nature-study displacing book study at least one-half the time. In no other way can the study of the boy bring us around to a wise culture of the boy, and to that salvation which ought to be involved in true education.

E. P. P.

"She was a pretty girl, and she blushed a bit as she stepped into the editor's room. "I suppose you do n't care for poetry, do you?" she inquired. "No," said the editor, diplomatically, "I can't say as we do." "I guess as much from the verses you publish," she rejoined." And she was gone.

There is no charity like education. It must, however, be moral as well as intellectual.—*Theo. Parker.*

We derive from nature no fault that may not become a virtue, no virtue that may not degenerate into a fault.—*Goethe.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The Father.

Father! it is Thy voice,
  In tender, loving tone,
That whispers low, My child, rejoice!
  Come nearer to the throne!

Thy work on earth is sweet,
  And tasks for Thee are dear,
But ah! how happy walk the feet
  Thou summonest more near!

As, when our mother bade
  Her child lay by the toys
Of daily use, and, freshly clad,
  Come forth to unknown joys,

In slow, reluctant mood
  The game was laid aside—
We clung to what we knew of good,
  Nor craved a bliss untried—

Yet in obedience lay
  A blessing full and rare;
A wider world began that day,
  And life became more fair;

So, loving, leadest Thou
  Where joy and service wait!
Oh! lift us, Father, when we bow,
  The hearth seems desolate!

Unkind Thou canst not be,
  Thou Parent of our hearts!
No throb we feel more high than He
  Who fashioned all our parts.

Love folds them round about
  Whom we no longer see;
By bliss and pang we spell Thee out,
  Whose seed we needs must be.

We know not how to bless,
  Howe'er we hold them dear;
With yearning keen we grope and guess;
  Thou, Father, seest clear.

Thou takest them on high,
  More close they hold Thy hand,
They look on us with friendly eye,—
  We soon shall understand.

Their work we cannot know,
  Too high for us child-eyed;
But we who stay, and they who go,
  Bound in Thy love abide.

MARY CROSBY.

A New Day in the Universalist Church.

The action of the General Convention of the Universalist church held at Chicago last autumn, marks the dawn of a new day for this denomination, a day of larger work, greater progress, and of enlarging views.

The earliest Universalist churches organized in this country were independent in their polity. Each made its own creed. Gradually, fraternal associations of the churches holding universalistic views came into existence. One of the largest of these was later known as the New England Convention. By agreement of the churches belonging to it powers of general supervision in matters of faith and discipline were granted to it. In 1803, at its session at Winchester, N. H., a statement of faith was adopted by this body, destined to become famous under the name of "The Winchester Profession of Faith." This New England Convention gradually developed into the present General Convention

which exercises authority over all the churches of this denomination in the United States and Canada. Up till 1870 no particular creed was held as binding on the individual churches; each could phrase its own creed, the Fellowship Committee determining whether it was eligible to membership in the state and general conventions. A variety of creeds were in use.

In 1870 this congregation polity was changed and by vote of the General Convention assent to the Winchester Profession was made binding on every church, clergyman, and member. A reaction soon set in, taking the form of a revision of the creed, which was deemed by many inadequate and misleading in view of the change in religious thought that had taken place since 1803. In 1877 a committee was appointed to report a change in the creed, and during the last twenty years this committee, which has been continued from year to year, has reported at nearly every session in favor of a change of some kind. No change sufficiently satisfactory to obtain the two thirds vote of the Convention requisite to its adoption was proposed till 1895, and much of the time of the convention has been wasted in unseemly struggles to effect some change. Two years ago, the session held at Meriden, Conn., in order to settle the matter, if possible, voted to substitute another form of creed in place of the Winchester Profession. This action to be final must be ratified by the succeeding session.

The session convened in Chicago this year had this substitute to act upon. The intervening two years of discussion had developed the fact that neither the Winchester Profession, the Meriden Creed, nor any other set obligatory statement was likely to find favor with the majority of the churches. The Boston association of ministers, therefore, devised a plan to be submitted to the convention in case the Meriden substitute failed to carry. According to this plan the constitution of the convention was to state as follows:

1. The profession of faith adopted by this body at its session at Winchester, N. H., A.D., 1803, is as follows. (Here follow the words of the profession.)

2. The conditions of fellowship in this convention shall be as follows: The acceptance of the essential principles of the Universalist faith, to wit: The Fatherhood of God; the spiritual leadership of Jesus Christ; the final harmony of all souls with God. The Winchester Profession is commended as containing the principles but neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided always that the principles above stated be substantially professed.

According to this plan the Winchester Profession was to remain in the constitution *as the creed adopted in 1803*, but to stand there, not as having present binding force, but only as a historic statement, marking a stage of development. Each church and minister was to be left free to frame a statement of faith, the committee on fellowship determining whether such a candidate for admission is in agreement in views with the essential principles of the denomination.

This plan met with so much favor that the Meriden Creed was promptly voted down and this plan adopted. The statement of principles was, however, amended to read as follows:

The Universal Fatherhood of God.
The spiritual authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
The certainty of retribution from sin.
The final harmony of all souls with God.

This plan received more than a three-fourth vote of all the members of what was the largest convention, with one exception, in the history of the church. Under the rules it must await the ratification of the convention to be held in Boston in 1899, to become law; but the feeling is general that action then will be favorable to its adoption. In fact, there is so little opposition that the creed question is considered settled. This plan received the vote of practically all the representative clerical members of the convention and of the strongest churches. The opposition was quite confined to the country districts of a section of the west. Some of the strongest state conventions instructed their delegates to support it.

This action marks the dawning of a new day in the Universalist church because it practically puts an end to the dissensions upon creed matters which have wasted the energies of the denomination for nearly twenty years. *It puts the denomination upon a purely non-creedal basis* and so ranges this church in line with the pronounced tendencies of the age. The strife between radical and conservative in the denomination will now largely cease and all wings can unite in a vigorous prosecution of the real work of the church. Differences of opinion will continue to exist and be debated to some extent; but the acrimony characterizing the old debates will cease under the new liberty recognized as legal. The spirit of fraternity will take the place of the spirit of bitterness which has too often marked the gatherings of our clergy. The radicals will be as proud of the Winchester Profession as any conservative, now it stands as the statement of the position of the church in 1803; for it was then the most advanced and liberal statement ever made by any denomination. The test of fellowship will now be of the spirit and not of the letter of one's faith. Nor is there any danger that any one not in sympathy with the essential principles of the Universalist church will seek entrance into it as a minister. The wording of its principles is left to each, judgment being upon the spirit of his faith. Greater harmony, renewed loyalty to the denomination, increased fraternity, more vigorous work, and much greater progress will now be shown in the Universalist church. This new day will demand and will see new works. RODNEY F. JOHONNOT.

Oak Park, Ill.

Two Kinds of People.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Attainment.

"The brave soul will not cry:
My grip is gone! I fail!
Determination leaves me, and the pulse
Of purpose throbs no longer through my frame.
Heredity, the greed of men, conditions, fate,
All join to cheat me of my place,
And I am forced aside
To eke out life in lean repining."

Nay; but condition is one's atmosphere.
Hope is the beating of an eagle's wing,
What with the denseness of the one,
Together with the other's vigorous use,
And higher and yet higher soars the bird.

LINCOLN E. BROWN.

Danger Signals.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Edward Everett Hale has recently called attention to an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, by Prince Krapotkin, which seems to be of sufficient importance to call for a word in THE NEW UNITY. The special point to which we allude is contained in the following extracts. He says:

> The admirable observations and discoveries of Professor Hodge and Dr. Mann, show that a nerve-cell, after it has been worked for some time, whether in brain-work or in stimulating a muscle for muscular work, is deeply affected. The nucleus shrinks together, large vacuoles appear in its protoplasm, and some time of rest—*chiefly sleep*—is absolutely necessary, in order that the cell may return to its previous state.
>
> If this condition is not fulfilled an overworked nerve-cell, or a group of such cells, *will never recuperate.* Overwork, without proper rest; will make them lost forever; while other neurons close by, which were not overworked, will remain unaffected.

The many people who fear for the young minds who are subjected to the forcing process in all the so-called best schools, will see in these statements enough to amply justify their fears and they will be more afraid than ever of trusting the delicate brains and bodies of children to those hustling teachers who know no word but "drive" in educational matters. Many parents already dread the forcing process of the schools, but are unable to escape it if their children are to be educated at all. It is that or nothing. And much as they may deplore the amount of strength and energy that are now spent in committing a mass of useless information to memory, they will deplore it still more when they realize that in insisting upon its being committed they are in no wise benefitting the child, but may be destroying the brains they are seeking to fill with knowledge. They will feel that a knowledge of all the useless capes and bays, promontories and inlets in the geographies, are not worth the sacrifice of one of these brain-cells by the healthy activity of which, alone, is knowledge possible. Dr. Hale quotes Prendergast as saying that after fifteen minutes, the memory organs of the brain have lost the cream of their working powers, that after those fifteen minutes they should have the chance to rest before they are set to accumulating more.

Compare this with what is required of children in all grades of our public schools.

Even short intervals of rest would relieve the tension of the brain, and the work could be planned so that these could be given, if teachers realized its importance. But the teachers are not wholly at fault, in the forcing process of the schools. Many of them deplore its results but are powerless. They must live up to the requirements of the higher authorities or give place to those who will, and these requirements are more and more comprehensive every year. Teachers themselves are fearfully overworked, and their nervous systems often on the verge of collapse. They are driven, and they drive. No body of workers have greater call to strike for their rights, and they should organize for this purpose.

But it is to public opinion alone that we can look to lighten the burden of childhood. Now it is the brightest and best who succumb. The careless and the stupid are protected. The sluggish brain often comes out best in the end, for its own exertions do not destroy it. In these fast, exciting times stupidity wards off many dangers.

There is something startling in the thought of tiny atoms of four or five years being subjected to the pressure of the schools, but although among thinking people this is less common than formerly, it is still the rule in the community at large. The physical strain of it alone in some schools, is absolutely murderous, and in the hands of some teachers the heartless exactions of "good order" are scarcely less than criminal.

One of our little girls, a few years ago, produced a sensation in her school by delivering in a highly dramatic manner, the following jingle, she had found in a newspaper. I commend it to teachers and parents alike:

OUR MODERN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Ram it in, cram it in,
  Children's heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
  Still there's more to follow;
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry;
Ram it in, cram it in,
  Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in,
  What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in;
  What are children made for?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoölogy,
Physics, climatology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics;
Hoax it in, coax it in,
  Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mold it in,
  All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
  Still there's more to follow.
Faces pinched, sad, and pale,
Tell the same unvarying tale,
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep;
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow, will tell to you

How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it and caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
  When their heads were hollow,

Arthur's Home Magazine.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

The Tower of Babel.

A SERMON PREACHED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, DECEMBER 5, 1897, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

And the whole earth was of one language and of one speech. * * * And they said "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach into heaven." * * * And the Lord said, "Behold! they are one people and they have all one language, and this is what they begin to do and now nothing will be withholden from them which they purpose to do. Go to, let us go down and confound their language that they may not understand one another. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of the earth and they left off to build the city. Therefore was the name of it called 'Babel,' because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth."—Genesis xi. 1:9.

As this Bible story of the Tower of Babel is written and interpreted it yields dramatic results. It appeals vividly to the imagination. But a little reflection, when the mind is released from the theological bias that accepts everything in the Bible as necessarily ethical and spiritual, finds that which offends the judgment and shocks the conscience. Taken literally it puts those early emigrants to the eastward on a very low plain of intelligence and ascribes to their deity a pettiness and a personal anxiety that is still more trying to the reverent. On the face of it, these plain-dwellers undertook a very foolish job when they undertook to build a brick tower which would reach heaven, and the deity that interfered with them was in a very unnecessary and undignified business. The obvious meaning is that he feared they would succeed. They threatened to become too much for him, and so he put an end to their architectural plans by cruelly confusing their language, thus bringing confusion upon their scheme, and division into the community. But in the light of the modern discoveries and studies this Tower of Babel story becomes of vast critical importance and of profound psychological and archaeological interest. From the Hebrew side this Bible story lets us into the workings of primitive mind, gives us a glimpse as it were into the workshop of the myth-makers. We see how the untrained mind of man unconsciously poetizes (if you will pardon the word) in the presence of the puzzling mysteries that surround him, and how the same untutored mind grasps at the creations of fancy, the images which love or fear have conjured into being as realities and objective verities. While from the Assyrian side this Tower of Babel reaches deep into whatever is most profound and surprising, most august and commanding in that far-off civilization that rose into power in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris probably before Egypt began to build her pyramids, certainly long before Homer sung or Moses counted his commandments.

Of the intent of the Hebrew version there can be no doubt. Its meaning is plain and its lesson is obvious. As the plain story of an historical incident with as plain a moral lesson this story has done duty for perhaps twenty-four hundred years in Jewish temple and Christian church. It has been the attractive lesson for child in Christian and Jewish Sabbath schools, at father's and mother's knee. Recent study and discovery seem to point beyond question to the fact that this pithy story is peculiarly a Hebrew myth. It sprung out of the untutored mind of the Hebrew foreigner who tried to account for the marvels and the surprises which bewildered him 'mid a strange people talking an unknown language, and within a landscape the history and traditions of which were sealed to him. Scholars surmise that this Hebrew myth is an attempt to account for what was to them, at that time, as much an ancient and inscrutable ruin as Stonehenge is now to the English peasants who have been born within sight of it, and have played among the weird monoliths that seem ghostly in their solitude and their mystery. The simple fact seems to be this—the Hebrew originator of this Babel story in our Bible, either out of ignorance or out of playful fancy, falsely interpreted the popular name given to some tower ruin identifying Babel with the "balal," which means, in Hebrew, to confound, perhaps an equivalent to our word "babble," while it really meant in Assyria "the house or gate of Bel," one of the highest and most universal of their deities It is identical with the word "Babylon" itself. "El" is a root word far reaching in the languages and the names related to this Mesopotamian civilization. We meet it in the first chapter of Genesis. "Elohim" is the plural form of the word and may be translated, "the gods." We find it in Isra-el, Samu-el, Dani-el, Rapha-el, and in many other similar compounds. Instead of there being one ambitious structure, ignominiously defeated by an interfering God, the valley of the Euphrates contains unnumbered tower-shrines built by devout hands, preserved, repaired, restored by successive generations of kings and priests. These tower temples assume a general type of architecture as definite and, for the time and place, as impressive and sacred as the Gothic cathedrals of Christendom, or the many-needled minarets of the mosques of Islam. These Towers of Bel, "Houses of God," doubtless reach back in their architecture and their significance to the old observation pillars of those early Akkadian star-gazers, the primitive shepherd astronomers, the story of whose labors is as fascinating and important to the student of astronomy as to the student of religion. There was a strange and suggestive mingling of inspirations which our more specialized age has differentiated into that of the scientist and the prophet. Analysis is always a provisional step in the interest of the larger and safer synthesis. Those old forces that were united in the shepherd students in the valley of the Euphrates are being united again in the laboratories and observatories of the Western world where the man of science is being recognized year by year more cordially as also the man of truth, the oracle of wisdom, concerning the permanent things of the spirit, love, duty, destiny. The most studied and best understood of these tower temples, "Babels," Gates of God, and the one which is generally identified with the Babel of the Genesis fancy, is the one to which the Mohammedans have affixed the name "Birs-Nimrud," they again falsely identifying it with Nimrod, the mythical hunter hero of the Hebrews, which the Genesis story projects into the valley of the Euphrates. But Dr. William Hayes Ward, the

explorer, and editor of the *Independent*, who studied it and had it photographed as director of the Wolf expedition some years ago, thinks that the Genesis tower was more likely to be "the still larger pyramid temple in Babylon itself, which is now simply an immense quarry of burned brick." The Sunday *Tribune* of two weeks ago to-day contained profoundly interesting pictures of the ruins of Birs-Nimrud as photographed by the Dr. Ward party, with a restoration such as scholars have made, showing how the original structure probably appeared in all its imposing solidity and suggestive aspirations. It is a seven-story pyramid with external stairways rising to a domed room on the top, which represented to the devout of Babylonia what the "Holy of Holies" may have suggested to the devout in Palestine, the "Kaaba," or the sacred stone in the temple at Mecca to the devout pilgrims of Islam, and the sacred wafer at the moment of the elevation of the "Host," to the devout Romanist. It represented the special dwelling-place of the deity, the holy presence, the supernal "Shekinah."

This Birs-Nimrud may well serve as a type of the Babel, misinterpreted by the childish story of Genesis, whether the original suggestion came from it or from another. It is described as a pyramid of seven square stages with winding ascent to the top platform where there stood in a room an image of gold forty feet high, two other statues of gold, a table forty feet by fifteen. The entire height of this temple was one hundred and fifty-six feet, each of the seven stages was originally faced with different colored brick, doubtless of symbolic suggestion. This temple has been called "The Temple of the Seven Spheres." The first stage, two hundred and seventy-two feet square and twenty-six feet high, was covered with bitumen, black, dedicated to Saturn; the second, two hundred and thirty feet square, twenty-six feet high, orange color, dedicated to Jupiter; the third, one hundred and eighty-eight feet square, twenty-six feet high, bright red, dedicated to Mars; the fourth, one hundred and forty-six feet square, fifteen feet high, bright yellow, perhaps plates of gold, dedicated to the Sun; the fifth, one hundred and forty-four feet square, fifteen feet high, pale yellow, dedicated to Venus; the sixth, sixty feet square, fifteen feet high, dark blue, the station of Mercury; the seventh, twenty feet square, fifteen feet high, silver colored, probably with plates of silver, dedicated to the Moon. These were the measurements made by Sir Henry Rawlinson. Layard drifted in at the base of these ruins and came upon the walls and secured many specimens of the colored brick, bearing the stamp of Nebuchadnezzar, which agree with the record found on two barrel cylinders which came to the British Museum in 1878, in which this king, with great detail, gives an account of his restoration and decoration of this temple, which he takes pains to tell was then an ancient temple. He died about 562 B.C. He re-dedicated the restored temple to Nebo, a divinity whose name is incorporated in his own name. On this cylinder in the British Museum he tells of the fortresses he has built, the quays, the walls he has strengthened with buttresses of brick, and then he tells of the temple which he calls "the palace of heaven and earth," the Seat of Tranquillity, the Shrine of Bel which he caused to be covered with shining gold and made brilliant as the day.

The dome the foundation of heaven and earth, the tower of Babel,
I build now;
The temple of Zida the Eternal,
The temple beloved of Nebo
I build now within Borsippa and
With gold and sculptured stones
I made it like the brilliance of heaven,
I caused it to be covered over with durable cedar and gold
Up to the ceiling of the great temple of Life, the shrine of Nebo.

After giving further accounts of his restorations in Babylon and the fortifications, he again returns to this Temple, to the Sun-God at Sippara which he seems to have restored in gratitude to the Lord who was "the breaker of the weapons of my enemies." He probably refers in detail to station by station. He tells of how he restored the furniture in the temple, made the same more extensive than before, reared them up even to their summits. He alludes to the glorious things of the gods. "As for myself, God urged me on. He girded me up in heart. Reverently and not failing him I completed his beautiful works. I rebuilt for the God, the King of Marad my Lord, his temple * * * which had been built from a remote time. Its ancient foundation stone, which no former king had ever seen, I took hold of, I uncovered, and upon the foundation stone, the beloved of the Moon-God, the King, my ancient Father, I laid down its foundation. I made an inscription in my name and I placed it within it." And then followed this most characteristic prayer which sounds all too modern for, 'mid words of aspiration and prayers of thanksgiving, there is mingled all the way down through the ages, the selfish cry for success, conquest, and the downfall of enemies.

O God, the King of Marad, lord of all warriors,
to the brickwork which my happy hands (have made)
be favorable and joyfully (make)
my life to a far distant day
with abundance of glory,
fixity of throne and length of rule
to eternity do thou lengthen.
Sweep away the disobedient,
smash their weapons,
devastate the lands of the enemies,
sweep them all away.
The mighty weapons
which benefit not my enemies
may they draw near and may they fight;
for the subjugation of my enemies, may they go by my sides.
In the presence of Marduk king of heaven and earth
upon my works pronounce blessing
command my prosperity.

But I am here this morning to preach a sermon, not to give a lesson in archaeology. Let the flaming sides of that temple tower gleam anew before the spirit eyes of those here assembled. Let that house of Bel rise above the crude folk lore, the silly theology of the primitive Hebrew as we find it in Genesis, and fill our hearts with the awe-ful sense of that groping of man towards God, that reaching out of the soul towards the eternal, the hunger of the finite for companionship with the infinite. Friends, if we get close enough in thought to any shrine before which the human knee has ever bent in sincerity there is that, if the soul is rightly attuned which says, "I also bow. This, too, is my altar. Let me become a worshiper."

Let me not dismiss the Hebrew version, their misreading, too lightly. Professor Budge, of the British Museum, bluntly calls it "a pun upon the name of the city," but the pun was an honest one. It represents the groping of the simple mind towards the light, and my text represents the twilight of

great truths. The story is poor history, poorer theology. Too long has the world worshiped a jealous God. Science has no need of a "Babel confusion" to account for the multiplicity of tongues. But there is poetry in this story. I cannot resist the dangerous temptation of using it as parable after discarding it as history. Under any interpretation there is a mighty truth in the text "They have all one language and nothing will be withheld from them which they purpose to do." Great was the success of those old tower-builders because they worked together. Communion of spirit, loving co-operation will accomplish heaven-reaching results everywhere. The Tower of Babel suggests that the highest inspiration is necessarily co-operative. If the gods have any interest not identical with the interests of humanity they may well take alarm whenever they find any considerable number of men and women working together. It was the potency of a common language, a united purpose that made mountains of brick in the valley of the Euphrates, that piled the stupendous pyramids in the valley of the Nile, that carved stately stone temples out of the solid rock in the heart of India, dotted Europe with the cathedrals that draw the thoughtful as the magnet draws steel filings.

Still higher are the results of a common language, a common love, manifested in the triumphs of government and the march of civilization. The streaming banners of triumphant wars, and still more the triumphant banners of peace, the white flags that mark the conquests of love show what men working together can accomplish. Mountains have no inhospitable heights that the united energy of men have not or will not overcome. Plains have no swamps too malarial to be drained; nature has no cold that can ultimately chill the united devotions of man, and no heat that can entirely enervate the human will when it is sustained by a common effort. Man is as sure to plant his flag at the North Pole, aye, and the South Pole, too, as he has belted the globe at the equator. All that is needed is co-operation. Let nation join hand with nation, and combine the enthusiasms that are now rival enthusiasms, and humanity's flag, not that of the United States, nor yet of England, nor Skandinavia, but the flag of humanity will float from the poles. Lyric Greece in her beauty, epic Rome in her majesty, sacred Jerusalem in her prophetic power, somber Mecca in her grim sincerity, suggest Babel triumphs. Alp-locked Switzerland chanting her songs of freedom; Holland fighting a successful battle with the sea for an empire; tempestuous France whose hands have so often been stained with her own blood, rising into beauty and growing strength, still the prophet nation of Europe, the prosaic diligence and plodding loyalty of United Germany, teaching her children with increasing confidence to sing the songs of the Fatherland, evolved into rhythm and melody through centuries of travail; invincible Britain following the tap of her martial drum around the world, on the eve of becoming more irresistible when she learns to supplant the war spirit with the more invading spirit of love; the United States of America that in two centuries has changed a continent from a wilderness into a garden, linked the seas together, and engirdled the globe in its electric nets—all prove the achievements of the Babel builders of the world. They represent the sublime gates of God already reared by men that have spoken one language. Truly the old text is right when it says "Nothing will be withholden from them which they purpose to do."

But we may push our lesson farther. Something did happen to those Babel builders by the Euphrates, and although the towers of the "Seven Spheres" were completed yet they did not abide, they did not reach the heaven of permanency, they were scattered abroad and their temple to-day is scarcely an identified ruin. I do not believe that the Lord of heaven had anything to fear but much to hope from these brick towers. He did not interfere with a meddling miracle, and so we look to natural causes for the failure, and we can easily find such. Any one of two or three causes is quite adequate to account for the confusion that did follow and the downfall of lofty plans and of great combinations. We can well imagine that all went well with the tower-building up to the seventh rise, but if at this point they began to dispute about the color of the eighth station, one claiming that brown might be more acceptable to Bel than green; and if in their disputing, they began to throw scripture texts at each other; if they stopped to call conventions, have great debates, and institute heresy trials; if they began to call one another hard names such as "skeptics," "heretics," "infidels," "atheists," and convention after convention broke up without settling anything; if the rival parties crystallized into opposing sects, marshalled under conflicting creeds, simply because they could not agree as to the color of the next station, you may be sure the eighth story was never built. Dogmatism brings confusion of tongues; bigotry renders men incapable of understanding one another's speech concerning the most familiar things; partisanship ever divides the church, nations, and communities. As it has been all the way down through the ages it doubtless was in Babylonia. Dogmatism paralyses aspiration. Sectarian rivalries stop the heavenly ascent and robs every ladder of its reverence. Those shapeless piles of brick-bats in the valley of the Euphrates feebly typify the ruins that dot the centuries; that mar the faces of all countries, caused by the dissentions of men, the intellectual arrogance that magnifies the petty conclusions of one mind or set of minds above the needs and gropings of all minds.

But had these builders of a road to heaven escaped this first great danger to the religious life, sectarian dogmatism, they might easily have fallen a victim to the next danger of religion. The brick towers of the early Assyrians are supposed to have been built solid, or practically so. The only means of ascent was a spiral stairway winding up around the outside. We can well imagine that by the time they got up to the seventh platform, some one hundred and fifty feet straight up, and a good deal further the way they had to go, the hod full of brick or mortar had grown very heavy on one's back, for there were no elevators to alleviate in those days, and that some one began to shirk, sneakingly he avoided his full tale of brick, or dropped out of his turn, played he was sick, pled pre-occupation or poverty, he "must attend to something else," he "must go earn money to pay for the flowers at the banquet given in the hanging gardens, or for dresses to be worn at the next regatta on the

Euphrates." Or, suppose he continued to carry his load, but grumbled all the way up, you may be sure that trouble began from there on. It was not long before the work stopped on that job. It is always so. If selfishness only blighted the life of the individual it would not be so bad. The worst of it is that it chills the aspirations of the community, defeats the high plans and best interests of society; it thwarts the faithful and cools the enthusiasm of the willing, checks the life just at that point where life is most needed, where it ought to be most abundant and most beautiful. One grumbler on the job may defeat the whole temple building. One coward in the battle line may start a panic. One comrade unwilling to bear his share will mar the harmony of the whole mass, as everyone who has been a soldier has realized. Or if they did continue to build until the top of it reached the stars they would have reached no heaven under these circumstances. There is no beatific vision for a grumbler, no "house of God" within reach of the mean. Selfishness is a fog that cuts off the vision of the loftiest mountain peak. A grasping Judas broke the harmony of the nearest twelve, shadowed the heart of the Blessed Master, and the Kingdom of God that "was at hand" was hopelessly deferred. If Jehovah wanted to bring confusion among those temple builders he had no need to resort to lightning, wind, or fire, as has been ingeniously conjectured by the old-school interpreters. All he need have done was to have turned loose a discontented spirit among them, put the task in charge of a mean man, or allowed a selfish woman to put in her suggestions. One discordant key mars the performance of the most skillful musician, so a perverse nature, an ungrateful heart will bring confusion of tongues into heaven itself. These shirkers on the Tower not only limited their own vision, but they put a stop to the rising tower that led to the broader vision itself. Thus selfishness becomes the sin of sins. The discontented shirk, the one who refuses to carry his share of the burden of life, is himself the greatest burden which the community has to carry.

Oh, friend! snatch your neighbor's purse, steal his horse from out his barn rather than to break into the sacred coffers wherein he has deposited his cheerfulness and his courage. Steal the bread from his children's mouths if you will, but do not dim the light that shines in the soul of his children by chilling the enthusiasms of life and befogging the atmosphere which they must breathe.

But if these temple builders in the valley of the Euphrates had escaped the perplexities of bigotry and the discouragements of selfishness, they would sooner or later have come to other disappointments. Alas! there is now, of those gracious pyramids, the brilliant "gates of God," left only hopeless ruins which give rise to meaningless fables and hampering myths. Those far-off Akkadians, the highlanders, who laid the foundations of these temple towers, six, seven thousand years ago perhaps, in the lowlands of Babylonia, were doing the right thing, but it was the right thing in the wrong way. They sought God in the sky above them. Theirs was the primary lesson in reverence as Goethe has shown; the higher lesson, which the German poet would call the reverence of the Christian, is found by looking down. It is born out of humility. God *is* found in the holy chamber that caps the pyramid, but he is more surely found in the lowly gate at the foot. The heart to-day is more often moved by that which is under the feet than by that which is over the head.

"Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate," said Paul.

"He that is greatest among you, let him serve," said Jesus.

However it may have been with the old builders of Mesopotamia, the time has come when we must seek God, not by always looking up into the intangible ether of the unknown, expecting to feed our reverence out of the limitless spaces of our ignorance, but by frequently looking down into the craggy crannies of crooked humanity, among the weather-beaten rocks of human nature, along the shaded slopes of human society. In the valley of history, where Babel aspirations have bloomed, where temptations have been resisted, where human tears have fertilized the flowers of human affection, there are the more available, the longest enduring "Gates of God." Those ancient tower temples had altar chambers at the foot as well as at the top, and both were fitting. It is well to climb at times the high places of thought and imagination, but I take it, the most frequent and persistent helps are found at the humbler altar at the foot of the tower. That lower gate is nearer to the hearth-stone; it is not so far away from the cradle; it is easier to keep the path worn between that shrine and the grave, and flowers grow better down there. It is the old story of the "Holy Grail." They sought it afar while all the while it hung beside his castle door. These Babel builders did well. They meant well. Their achievements were magnificent, but the time came when they spurned the earth and confusion followed. Heaven was not in that direction either for them or for us.

God of all the olden prophets,
  Wilt thou speak with men no more?
Have I not as truly served Thee
  As thy chosen ones of yore?

Had I trusted in my *nature*,
  And had faith in *lowly* things,
Thou, Thyself wouldst then have sought me
  And set free my spirit wings.

* * * *

But I looked for *signs* and *wonders*,
  That o'er men should give me sway;
Thirsting to be more than *mortal*,
  I was even *less* than clay.

The elder Isaiah, with that profound foresight born of insight which was his, read deeper into the meaning of those Babylonian towers than did the legend-maker of Genesis. The captive cried to the imperial conqueror out of his captivity:

Come down and sit in the dust, O
Virgin, daughter of Babylon!
Sit on the ground without a throne
O daughter of the Chaldeans!
Thou didst trust in thy wickedness, and saidst, "No one seeth me."
Thy wisdom and thy knowledge have led thee astray;
Thou said'st in thy heart "I am, and there is none beside;"
Therefore shall evil come upon thee, of which thou shall not know the dawn;
And mischief shall fall upon thee, which thou shall not be able to expiate.

The latest written and one of the least historical of the books of the Old Testament is probably the one entitled "Daniel." It is a book written for political purposes probably in the first century B. C., using the story of an old-time hero to arouse

the courage of the youth in a period of national stress. The patriotic writer looks back three or four hundred years, resuscitated the legends that had gathered around the name of a Hebrew youth in away back and away off Babylon, a Babylon that was, at the time of this writing, well under the dust of oblivion. The great King Nebuchadnezzar, introduced in the story, is none other than the royal builder of the temple of Borsippa, the Birs-Nimrud of the explorers, the supposed Babel of the Genesis story. The great king had his name stamped on every brick used in the restoration of the antique temple, and the modern explorer identifies the trade-mark. But in our Bible records, by some more clumsy blundering with words, he is a grotesque specter turned out to feed upon grass like the cattle of the field, while Daniel is the valiant hero of the nursery in at least three of the great religions of the world,—Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. Why is this? The great king introduced some promising young men from the captive tribe of Judea into his court. Daniel, one of the likely youths, refused to eat the dainties from the indulgent tables of the king or to drink the seductive liquors from sideboards of the royal palace. He preferred to live on pulse and cold water. He refused to do honor to the deity he did not revere. He dared face the lions and did not flinch at the fire. It is not safe to go into details about Daniel. Humanity very promptly furnishes generous biographies to brave souls without stopping to verify the facts; at least we here see manly faith standing up against royal conventionality, and given time enough, such Daniels will always win.

Friends, can we not profit by the mistakes of those who builded the "Gates of God" in the valley of the Euphrates four thousand years ago or more? I say "profit by their mistakes" and be inspired by their triumphs and by their example. Our God needs no turreted chambers in which to lie, no altar upon which sacrificial blood is to be offered. We need build no aerial city above the clouds, no celestial stairways to lift our feet from the hallowed walks of earth to any empty sky parlors on high. But we, like them, must build our Bab-el, our "Gate of God," and we must build ours as they did theirs, by co-operation, by self-sacrifice. Let us build as diligently with our tools as they did with theirs, and we too, will build altars to which pilgrim feet will turn, upon which human sorrows will be laid, in the shadows of which divine hopes will be found. Our God is the source from which emanates law and love. Then our way to Him must be through lawful lives and loving hearts. Our common speech must be the universal language of conscience; our bricks will be kindly deeds laid in the cement of disinterested loyalty, and it will be true of us as of them, so long as we use this universal language and cleave fast together as one people "nothing will be withholden from us which we purpose to do." If our boasted Christendom becomes entangled in technical disputes, carried away by its conceits and its ambitions, confusion will come upon us as it came into the dead civilizations of Asia. The time has gone by, if it ever has been, when living men can find a bond of religious union in theories about God or about man. The time is coming when men will speak as in the old dream, the common language of aspiration, the universal language of ethics, and this will give us "one people, and nothing can withstand them." Our towers must be built by every one doing his share, just that and nothing more, never despising the thing you can do because of the things you cannot do, which of course are many. Human life has frayed out and gone to rags many times in this world's history in its search for cheap religion, whenever the church tries to shirk its most sacred obligations, to dodge its most obvious responsibilities; whenever it tries to climb the seven-towered pyramid by doing everything that it likes to do, rather than the few things that it ought to do; each in proportion as he is endowed; each in proportion to what he has. The old Hebrew system of tithes was rooted in profound spiritual justice; a tenth of what *you have* and not in decimal of what the other fellow has, is your obligation. Let the herdsman bring of his sheep, the farmer of his wheat, the housewife of the fruits of her wheel and loom, and who will say that the percentage is too large; and the church is made to stand for religion and not theology, to morality and not sectarianism, then our Bab-el, our "House of God" will stand for the dearest hopes, the broadest sympathies, the highest helpfulness of our lives, to which we gladly give not the tenth, but the whole of our living. To-day, as in the valley of the Euphrates four thousand years ago, religion grows lame because it stands for so little self-sacrifice and does so little for the attendant at the altar, because the attendant does so little for religion. The "Church of God" must be built to-day as in far-off Assyria, by contributors, burden-bearers, brick and mortar carriers, rather than by expectants. The church, or whatever is representative of religion, is under no obligation to you, but you are under profound obligation to it, for it points you to the way of usefulness and may help lead you into the paths of peace.

Over one of the portals of the great York Minster are the figures of two knights in full armor, carved in stone. One carries a stone and the other a block of wood for the construction of the building. This is the knightliness that wears the full panoply of God. They have won their titles of honor. They were fellows with the brick bearers who reared the shining walls on the banks of the Euphrates. When men and women will bring of their wood and stone, their finest powers, their keenest energies, to bear upon the questions of morals and religion, nothing will withstand them. Says the Talmud; "Tithes are a fence to riches." No one ever yet impoverished himself permanently by too much zeal. The poorhouse is not recruited from those who love ideals; our city is filled with bankrupt men because they have been so careful lest their business might be interfered with by religion. Says William Morris: "When we cease to long for perfection, then corruption, sure and swift, leads us from life to death." Says Browning: "Would you move the world, not earth but heaven must be your fulcrum."

Lingulf, an old Saxon herdsman, sold his flocks that he might put bells into the tower of the minster at St. Albans, and whenever he heard these bells ringing he said, "How sweetly do my sheep and goats bleat to-day." So we may joyously sacrifice the lower in the interests of the higher, that we may become builders of that permanent church building which is ever rising.

Friends, we are on the way to a realization in fact of what the old Bible-maker prefigured in fable. Science, literature, art, aye, commerce itself, are encircling the globe in fraternal arms, teaching mankind one language and one speech, and when they learn that language of universal sympathies and penetrating insight, and recognize one purpose in differing creeds, one religion in many systems, one humanity in all nations, then will the true Tower of Babel, the veritable "Gate of God" indeed rise towards and reach into heaven where the unity of men will find its final zeal in the morality that is mindful of the hindmost in the worship of the one God, the universal Father, in "whom we live, move, and have our being." Before this movement all the host of hell will flee and the host of heaven will rejoice for the Kingdom of God is come and His ways become the ways of society, His order the order of business, His law the pleasure of men.

Correspondence.

"Biblical Criticism and Theological Belief."

I think Professor Schmidt does me an injustice (I trust not intentionally), in his remarks upon my "Critical Thoughts" in view of the correspondence which has passed between us. My first letter to him, inclosing a copy of my "Critical Thoughts" was written Dec. 20th, and a few days after I received a letter from him dated Dec. 22d, in which he says: "You say that Jesus created the Greek and the Hebrew languages. This appears like a slip of the pen. You are of course familiar with the fact that both these tongues were spoken at least a thousand years before His birth." I immediately wrote to him substantially, if not the exact words, as follows: "My remark that Jesus created the Greek and the Hebrew was not a slip of the pen at all, but was the result of mature thought; as it had reference to the eternity of His creative power as the 'Word' of God. Jno. 1.3."

JOHN G. CAULKINS.

Knoxville, Tenn.

Faithful.

It is something sweet when the world goes ill
To know you are faithful and love me still;
To feel when the sunshine has left the skies
That the light is shining in your dear eyes.
Beautiful eyes! more dear to me
Than all the wealth of the world could be.

It is something dearest, to feel you near,
When life with its sorrows seems hard to bear;
To feel when I falter the clasp divine
Of your tender and trusting hand in mine.
Beautiful hand! more dear to me
Than the tenderest things of earth could be.

Sometimes, dearest, the world goes wrong,
For God gives grief with his gift of song,
And poverty too, but your love is more
To me than riches and golden store.
Beautiful love! until death shall part
It is mine, as you are, my own sweetheart.

F. L. Stanton.

The Sunday School.

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, REPORTED BY E. H. W.

IX.—A Forgotten Empire.

The names of Egypt and Babylonia have each alike for centuries carried with them the conception of a mighty empire. Legend and tradition have from the earliest time been busied with weaving around them a web of charmed romance. Within the last fifty years scholars have begun to discover intelligence, light, and unnumbered surprises in the Tigro-Euphrates valley, and ancient Egypt as a historical land has practically risen from the ocean of tradition within the last hundred years.

But a stranger thing still has happened. Another great nation has risen to our sight, one which, as an empire, had been for centuries absolutely lost to tradition as well as to history. The Old Testament curiously mingles the "Hittites, and Amorites, and Perizzites, and Hivites, and Jebusites," much as if a writer of aboriginal North American history should throw together Chippewas and Micmacs, Seminoles and Zünis, without regard for geographical, chronological, or racial coherency. It is mentioned that Uriah was a Hittite, the general whom David put in the front of the battle line that he might be killed and leave his beautiful wife Bath-Sheba for the great king. Bath-Sheba became the wife of David, and from them is traced the lineage of Mary, the Mother of Jesus. There is always a tendency in tradition to furnish a royal pedigree to royal people.

But within the past quarter of a century the Hittites, who were tossed off so lightly in the Old Testament records, have begun to find a name in history, not as a savage tribe of bush-whackers ranging somewhere in the Syrian wilds, co-equal with scores of other marauding tribes who have left us scarcely more than their names, but as a conquering power which was dominant in western Asia from about 1500 to 1000 B.C., and dealt on terms of equality with the other great nations of antiquity, Egypt and Assyria.

Our knowledge of these people is derived mainly from two sources, the hieroglyphics of Egypt and the cuneiform inscriptions of the Babylonians, reinforced by a few rock records of the Hittites themselves, most of which, however, are still unread.

From Egyptian sources we learn that the relation of Egypt to Khita, the Hittite empire, was not that of a great power over-running a little one, but of one great power locking horns with another. We find also that this people, like the old Akkads of Chaldea, were of the Mongolian race. They had a strongly fortified capital city called Carchemish, whose site on the Euphrates has been recently identified, and another capital, Kheda, on the Orontes. One of the dynasties of the shepherd kings of Egypt is said to have been of Hittite blood, and a Hittite princess introduced sun-worship into Thebes. After their expulsion from Egypt they were still a source of danger, and a great conflict ensued in the reign of Rameses II, a struggle deemed worthy to be the theme of a national epic composed by Pen-

taur, the Egyptian poet laureate and hero of Ebers' novel "Uarda." This was found on the walls of a temple in Thebes and the British museum possesses a copy written on papyrus. The treaty which ended this war has happily been preserved and shows that the result was not conquest but alliance on equal terms. "The sons of the sons of the great king of the Hittite will hold together and be friends with the sons of the sons of the great prince of Egypt." In the Babylonian records we have accounts of a war between Sargon I and the Hittites, and again of an expedition led by Tiglath Pileser into the Hittite lands, where even the powerful Assyrian army was unable to get possession of Carchemish, the holy city and fortified capital of the Hittites. But a little later the great capital was besieged by Assur-narspal, who was bribed to spare it by rich and costly presents such as "golden cups, golden chains, golden knives, copper images of wild bulls, and two hundred slave girls." The ancient empire withstood its foes until 717 B. C., when their last king fell into the hands of the Assyrians.

The first authoritative work on this subject to the English reader was a book by Professor Sayce, of Oxford, called "Monuments of the Hittites," published in 1880. Since then several volumes by other writers have appeared, and there are doubtless more surprises and perhaps still more startling ones in store for us when the scholars shall have found the key to this new old language and literature.

There was a time when studies like these were feared as having a tendency to undermine the foundations of religion. Contrariwise, a member of the class was moved to speak of the need and office of culture in re-enforcing religion. The leader added, "Religion is like milk, very hard to keep sweet. It needs two antiseptics, continual thinking and continual practice. The moment you stop thinking you are in grave danger and the moment you stop practicing you are lost."

The Unseen Cord.

There is an unseen cord which binds
The whole wide world together;
Through every human life it winds
This one mysterious tether.
It links all races and all lands
Throughout their span allotted;
And death alone unties the strands
Which God himself has knotted.

However humble be your lot,
Howe'er your hands are fettered,
You cannot think a noble thought
But all the world is bettered.
With every impulse, deed, or word,
Wherein love blends with duty,
A message speeds along the cord,
That gives the earth more beauty.

Your unkind thought, your selfish deed
Is felt in farthest places;
There are no solitudes where greed
And wrong can hide their faces.
There are no separate lives; the chain,
Too subtle for our seeing,
Unites us all upon the plain
Of universal being.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

No man is as strong as his appetites, but nature has corrected the boundlessness of his voluptuous desires by stinting his strength and contracting his capacities.

The Study Table.

Notes by E. P. Powell.

The *New Time* for January has a very valuable discussion of Direct Legislation. The problem is how shall popular government get to be the government of the people instead of the government of a breed of professional politicians. Professor Vincent, of Johns Hopkins University says: "The people have become afraid of their legislatures. They elect, but fear and distrust their lawmakers. It looks as if one of the remedies would be to infuse into the ancient right of petition the right to compel the action of representatives." Professor Pomeroy says, "A prominent member of the New York legislature once told me that he was morally certain that two thirds of the members of that legislature had taken bribes." It is said that it took a quarter of a million to carry through the Chicago Common Council a franchise worth $5,000,000. In the face of such facts Professor Commons, of Syracuse University, urges direct legislation, saying "The referendum is the only complete and specific cure for bribery." Professor Leckey, M. P., adds "The referendum would have the immense advantage of disentangling issues, separating one great question from many minor questions. Experience shows that it takes political questions to an immense degree from wire-pullers and makes it possible to decide them mainly on their merits"

Mayor Van Wyck, of Greater New York, declares that he would gladly turn out of their positions all teachers in the schools of that city that had been hired from localities beyond the city limit. He would not even have a teacher employed who came from other counties of New York state. This is an additional demonstration of the need of an independent school system, as independent as are the church and the state. While politicians can not meddle with church affairs and churchmen can not meddle with affairs of state in their capacity as churchmen, school matters are constantly meddled with and controlled by the most ignorant and characterless politicians. The very general impression is that the school is only a creature of the state and that its salaries are in the schedule of spoils. A paper before the Wisconsin Teachers' association states that the 6,400 country school districts of that state are administered by 19,200 local officials, most of whom have only a minimum of capacity training or fitness for the duty involved upon them. What is true of Wisconsin is true of all the other states. Education is sadly depressed by the fact that its management is not in the hands of practical educators and educational experts. We shall surely see before many years a completed school system delivered from political espionage and dictation. The motto of a true American is "A free state, a free church, and a free school."

Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he did not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun. *Emerson.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—If you would cease to dislike a man, try to get nearer his heart.
MON.—The poor have fine feelings beneath the grime, as you will discover if you care to look for them.
TUES.—A good woman who suffers is altogether beyond man's reckoning.
WED.—The world remains as young as ever.
THURS.—Family affection is the grand proof of the goodness in human nature.
FRI.—There was often a blessed serenity on her face that comes only to those who have risen from their knees with their prayers answered.
SAT.—Life is not always hard, even after backs grow bent, and we know that all braes lead only to the grave.

J. M. Barrie.

Tardy.

The school-bell rung, a song was sung,
And up and down in rows
Were forty shining heads, and swung
Four hundred restless toes.

Not quite, for soon the roll of names
Laid out for morning call,
Has no response it daily claims
From promptest one of all.

But just as books are taken out,
And buzz of work begun,
The door swings back on hinge of doubt,
In steps the tardy one.

"I could not help it, sir," she cries,
Expecting angry frown,
With quivering lips and moistened eyes,
"For Jimmy tumbled down

"And got the dirt all on his face
And hurt his little knee.
I couldn't leave him in that place,
So took him home you see!"

Heaven bless the tardy little maid
And hand her down to fame,
Who for a fallen brother stayed,
With black mark 'gainst her name.

To this sweet law the world shall grow,
That love, each goal shall win;
Through mercy's gate the soul shall go
That heaven would enter in.

FRANCIS B. DUNNING.

"Tho' it may be a Little out of Fashion."

When the summer began away up in the Arctic seas an iceberg, fretful of the long, irksome winter, suddenly grew impatient of restraint, cried "Good bye," to the old glacier in Greenland, and with great noise and fury and much commotion and dashing of foam, plunged into the waters of the great Bay of Baffin.

"Hurrah!" cried the berg joyously, "at last I live, and now to the southland and a life of pleasure." As it happened the berg went not alone, for a nugget of gold went with it, and with it too one little cone of pine that somehow had strayed off and been wafted into the far north-land from a forest of Labrador. On the three strange seamates went together, down the broad bay, through the straits of Davis, and out into the vast Atlantic.

At first the berg was too much occupied with its own bigness and importance to notice with whom it journeyed. Then, espying the lump of dull yellow metal, said haughtily, "How came you here, you dull yellow thing?"

Now the gold was full as haughty as the other, and only answered, "I am gold, say nothing, but bear me, as a beast of burden might; a king of the south needs a crown for which I am destined."

Then at once the berg swelled with pride and groaned with rage. The phrase "a beast of burden" rankled. So words were passed, scornful, bitter, venomous words, each deriding, defying, villifying each.

Meantime the little cone of pine lay quiet, listening to all that was said, and the northern blasts blew and the berg drifted on and on, daily further and further away from the arctic shore, daily further and further toward the summer seas.

"How delicious is this warm sun," said the berg, "and how entirely happy should I be if only rid of this pestilent, insolent gold."

"How entirely happy I shall be soon," quoth the golden nugget, "when I shall have come to the king's port."

So they sailed and drifted, both delighted with self, but pestered by the presence of the other, and both utterly indifferent to the presence of the tiny cone of pine.

And the gold really believed, that the iceberg was compelled somehow by the power of the world to bear it to the port of the king and for the crown of the king; and the berg really believed that it was guiding itself and all its going meant advance towards a new, great bliss.

Now-a-days allegories are quite out of vogue, but then, antiques have come in fashion in gems and furnishings of our houses—why not, too, just once in a way, for our minds?

Do you need be told what happened; how the winds of the north, that neither the berg could steer nor the gold control, blew and blew, and the sun rays grew hot and hotter? Do you need be told of all the furious fallacies, passing for argument, and all casuistry, between berg and gold? The same have been since five hundred years before the seed of truth was sown, when Ionia and Elea held and taught diverse views of self and God, and fate and righteousness, views that in varying shapes—nominal or real, natural or spiritual, philosophy of sordid substances, or philosophy of the dream—have divided and perplexed mankind.

But never a whit minded the pine cone, though well it knew the winds of the north were wafting it and it had itself no power to guide or restrain.

With complaisance it beheld the sun of the south grow hotand hotter, and with indifference listened to the science of both ice and metal, and with sorrow to the rancor of both.

Then came (as it comes to all of earth) the great catastrophe, when the gold, failing to find that proud port it desired, went down into the depths of the fathomless sea, and the iceberg, dissolved by the sun whose beams it craved, was no more.

But the cone, though adrift again upon the bosom of the world-wrapping element from which the berg was born, felt no fear, but drifted on and on, and at last to the land—to fit conditions, and there took root and grew and grew, and the cone became a pine tree, and the one a thousand, till the whole land was overspread.

HUDOR GENONE.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

Walk Right up and Say "Hullo!"

W'en you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Say "Hullo!" an' "How d'ye do?"
"How's the world a-usin you?"
Slap the fellow on his back'
Bring yer han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up and don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true,
Hale an' hearty "How d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away,
Jest the same are you an' me—
Lonesome ships upon a sea,
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let yer speakin'-trumpet blow,
Lift yer horn an' cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" an' "How d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en ye leave yer house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far-Away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be, an' say "Hullo!"

—*Exchange*

FORT COLLINS, COL.—The new Unitarian church recently organized by Mr. Falconer, has reached a membership of sixty. Recently the pastor spoke on "What is the Use of Going to Church?" to which the newspaper report answers "to find out the highest and best things you can think and feel, and then to give yourself to these, heart and soul."

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.—William H. Fish, Jr., has recently taken hold of the All Souls church of this place. Wherever Mr. and Mrs. Fish go there go apostles of culture, breadth and hospitality. The All Souls church of Colorado Springs, will resume its benignant ministry under these.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—A recent visit of the senior editor to this town to deliver a lecture before the Unity club of the Unitarian church, found every indication of prosperous live work. Incidentally he met there a committee of ladies from Mr. Jenning's church in Toledo. They were on a flying visit to Ann Arbor in search of the information that will enable them to buy a good new organ for the church of Our Father of Toledo. Rev. Fred. Hawley, the new pastor of the Unitarian church at Jackson, Mich., ran over to Ann Arbor to listen to the lecture on "The Cost of a Fool," and to confer with the editor of THE NEW UNITY concerning common interests.

THE WOMAN'S CAUSE.—Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, has been in Boston receiving honors and furthering the interests she represents. At a meeting of the State Federation of Massachusetts Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer plead for manual training work for girls. Why not give the girls control of their fingers? Should they not know how to drive a nail without hitting their thumb? Mrs. Henrotin said that the "women's clubs began in self-culture. Now they are beginning to feel the weight of responsibilities; they are beginning to bring their brothers into the club." This is hopeful. The women's club will reach its apotheosis when it ceases to be a woman's club, but a club of men and women.

"OUR CHAMBER OF HORRORS." This is the title of an article in the *Church Economist* in which there is a humiliating collection of advertisements from church and other papers, such as "Charity Euchre," "Progressive Euchre,"—the first in the interest of some "Junior coworkers." The second in aid of "St. Peter's Ladies' Aid Society," in a New York town. A New Jersey town rejoices over "A Very Jolly Church Party," which was a great financial success. A diamond ring, a gold medal, a ladies' wheel, and a gentlemen's wheel were given away as prizes, and in St. Louis there was a "Red Hot Presbyterian Cake Walk," at which a "candidate for the ministry and his partner won the prize." No wonder that church finances have become so demoralized.

CHICAGO.—"The Little Sisters of the Poor" have declined much needed help tendered them out of the receipts of a recent charity ball. We hope that the treasury of the "Little Sisters of the Poor" will in the long run be all the more generously provided for. The less of this indirection in the charity work of the world the more direct support. * * * Rev. R. A. White, of the Stewart Avenue Universalist church, is packing his house on Sunday evenings with stereopticon lectures on "Modern Leaders." The annual of this church for 1897-98 shows a compact working society. Their settlement work under the title of "Neighborhood Home" on Sixty-ninth street, is becoming a center of many activities. Mr. Jones spoke to their Sunday afternoon class last Sunday on the "Home." * * * The "Day of Prayer for Colleges" was celebrated last week by the Chicago University, with an address before the Senior College by W. W. Fenn, and an address before the Junior College by the senior editor of THE NEW UNITY. * * * The Third Unitarian church recently had their annual meeting which was held in the social rooms of the Universalist Church of the Redeemer, a case of commendable hospitality. It is hoped to have the new church ready early in the spring. A gift of three thousand dollars to the building fund from an unknown New York friend, through Mr. Savage, was reported.

For the Little Folks.

A Serious Objection.

The most serious objection to the use of coffee by young people is that they are more sensitive to the effect of the drug, or of any drug, than adults. Coffee-drinking children invariably show malnutrition and facial evidence of very serious internal disorder. The only exceptions to this rule are where the children are of such vigorous constitution and the pre-natal influences are very strong in the line of resistance to narcotics, that they are able to overcome the effects. The children of parents who are able to use tobacco and whisky to an old age, without physical disturbance, are apt to show ability to live comfortably, even when coffee is administered, but unfortunately there are but few of this sort, and the finer grade of human beings, whether children or adults, are inclined to be sensitive to the effects of narcotics, like coffee, tobacco, or alcohol. Postum Cereal Food Coffee produces no narcotic effect of any sort or kind. It is simply a liquid preparation of the grains, and although it tastes and looks like coffee, it is a pure liquid food.

When boiled *full* 15 minutes after boiling commences, it tastes like the better grades of Java. The great food expert and head of the Philadelphia cooking school, Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer, uses it at her table, looking upon it more as a food than a beverage.

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Substitutors drug their concoctions to give them a coffee flavor. Genuine packages of Postum have red seals and the words, "It makes red blood" thereon.

GENESEO, ILL.—The twenty-ninth annual business meeting of the First Unitarian Society of Geneseo was held Friday evening, Jan. 14th. Reports of the year's work were made by the several committees of the society, showing the working force and the finances of the church to be in excellent condition. The old committee of trustees were re-elected, consisting of Rev. M. J. Miller, Pres.; J. P. Fox, Sec.; Chas Turner, Treas.; O. K. Rockwell, Mrs. John Goss, Mrs. F. H. McArthur, and Miss Anna Haskell. Letters from many absent and former members were read, recalling many tender recollections and memories that are a part of the society's twenty-nine years of life. Resolutions of sympathy for the society's late pastor, Rev. J. B. Bidwell, compelled, on account of declining health, to give up pulpit work, were unanimously adopted, further resolutions expressing the thanks and appreciation of the society to Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Miller and Miss Caroline Allen for the gift of a handsome and well-appointed parsonage. Hon. Andrew Crawford, of Chicago, one of the society's charter-members—was remembered in a vote of thanks for his Christmas gift to the Sunday-school of a fine stereopticon, as well as many former presents to the Sunday-school. This report of the business meeting would be incomplete indeed without mention of the old-time social and parish supper, that prefaced the meeting. Some two hundred or so were sumptuously served with an old-fashioned chicken pie supper and orchestral music. Advantage was taken of the occasion to introduce Rev. T. P. Byrnes, our lately-appointed minister, and his estimable wife to their parishioners, with what success is voiced by Mr. Byrnes "as the merriest gathering ever witnessed at a parish supper." Before the meeting adjourned the Church Book, with constitution and by-laws was opened, and fifty-eight enrolled therein, six having since joined the society and signed their names to the roll of honor.

The Guild, after some months of inactivity, has reorganized for a season of profitable work and will complete the last third of the course of study pursued last season.

Other and collateral subjects will be taken up during the year and it is the expectation to be able to report much accomplished in the way of knowledge in the larger and higher faith.

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6. THE MAGIC OF NATURE.
7. ILLUSION.
8. REAL OCCULTISM.
9. RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

The following are brief extracts from a few of the many newspaper reviews of the book:

"In compressing so vast a subject into so small a space the writer has necessarily constructed little more than a skeleton, but the work is an earnest effort to draw attention to what the author esteems must be the line along which the true progress of humanity will be achieved."—*Denver* (Colo.) *News.*

"A delightful study in wider evolution is given in a little volume entitled "On the Outer Rim," by George E. Wright. This writer attempts to give the theories and advancement of the doctrine of evolution, carrying it into development of the soul, and growth of human kind. There are some nine essays, and in the last the author treats of the religion of the future and takes a very broad view, bringing together all the people of the earth and all the religions and sects, and denounces the narrowness of sectarianism. It is well worth reading."—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

"This a study in the fascinating theory of evolution. It is exceeding well written, and discusses in a pleasant way one of the great problems of the ages."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"The students of today are inquiring not only into the origin and history of life, but are patiently working out the problems of the birth and growth of mind. In this little book many valuable suggestions are given to the student in evolution in regard to the underlying forces of nature."—*Baltimore American.*

"This book is an effort to condense in popular form some of the results thus obtained, as bearing upon what may be termed the wider evolution; in which is included the mental and psychic, as well as the strictly physical, development of the human race."—*Detroit Tribune.*

"He (the writer) defines occultism as simply the true study of nature, in which there is no supernaturalism, and which eventually leads man to the goal of wisdom and virtue."—*San Jose (Cal.) Herald.*

"Of the nine essays which form the chapters of this interesting work, the two "Origin of Religions," and "Religion of the Future," are most instructive and entertaining. With true and broad-minded eloquence the subject is amplified."—*Boston Globe.*

"Mr. Wright has made an interesting book, full of suggestive thoughts."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Mr. Wright's definition of the occult is different from the idea conveyed by that much-abused word to the popular mind. At the present stage of evolution we have two distinct quantities, the known and the unknown. The known may be considered as contained within the boundaries of what we call science, the unknown may be classed as occultism."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

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"I know not where, if my life were to be lived over, I would rather be placed at fifteen, than in the Hillside Home School. I do not believe there is in Wisconsin, or in the United States, a place where the conditions are more favorable to develop a sound body, and a sound mind in a sound body, and a warm, loving heart, lay the foundations for scholarship, character, and greatness, than right here in this school. I am not only surprised but gratified to find the depth and largeness of the work of this school."—*Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D.D., in the closing address before the Tower Hill Summer School, August 22, 1897.*

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

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THE SAFE SIDE.

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SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

By RICHARD M. MITCHELL.

Several hundred million dollars are annually expended in the support of a sentimental, artificial standard of excellence, having no connection with any question of ethics, its doctrines being mere adaptations to a pretended phenomenon that never occurred. This condition is continued only through the enormous power of widely extended inherited ideas, and (in decreasing numbers and degrees) inherited monomania originating in late three centuries of a doctrinal reign of terror. It is a study of human nature and in that neglected field—in the Safe Side—the underlying motives of much that actuated Paul and the gospel writers are clearly traced: those relating to John the Baptist; the origin of the Fourth Gospel; the Teachings of Christ; and Inertia of Ideas—are of especial interest. The book is printed on best laid paper, cloth binding, 475 pages, 12mo. Price $1.20 delivered prepaid to all points by mail or express.

LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

"The Safe Side," a Challenge to the Clergy.

Under the above title Mr. Richard M. Mitchell of this city has written and published a volume of 475 pages, containing what he claims to be "a theistic refutation of the divinity of Christ." The book seems to be written as a challenge to the clergy, as it attacks rather strongly the orthodox doctrine as laid down by both Protestant and Catholic clergymen. And looking at it from this standpoint the laity have no need to concern themselves with its contents.

The author's argument is in brief that the testimony as to the divinity of Christ lies wholly within the New Testament. Outside of that book and its accompanying uncanonical gospels he is not mentioned by any writer till long after his death. "There is a gap of more than a hundred years in which there is no further account of the rise and progress of Christianity." But the different portions of that volume were written at various dates after the death of Christ, and after interests and difficulties had arisen to influence the writers and become the cause of doctrines not thought of by Christ. Prominent among these influences is the fact that for a long time the disciples had all things in common, which gave a personal interest in the movement as soon as others than the poor joined it. For a long time the church supplied more numerous and desirable offices than the civil government. All documents bearing on the early history of the church, were for centuries under the care of those who would not hesitate at interpolation and suppression to perpetuate that which supported and magnified their office. The noted forgery about Jesus Christ inserted in the works of Josephus is an illustration of what they could and would do. The gospel of Peter is one of the oldest Christian writings, and virtually it was the original New Testament. A large number of copies were in use about A. D. 190, and the disappearance of the gospel following such general use can be explained only through intentional suppression. We have positive evidence that the church destroyed it, for there are accounts of at least one Bishop (Serapion) being busily engaged in that very work. Next to the gospel of Peter we would suppose that the gospel of James would have been preserved, but it is numbered with the lost, together with the gospel of Paul, the Oracles of Christ, and very many other gospels and writings. For those that have been preserved it is important to remember that the date of the oldest manuscript is conjectural, and "in no instance can they be traced back to within hundreds of years of the supposed date."

The accounts of Jesus were traditional for a generation or two. His followers did not think it necessary to write his history, as the kingdom of heaven was daily expected. Of those who saw and directly testified of Jesus only the most credulous ever believed in him, and "those who knew him best repudiated his divine pretensions." If some of the events described in the gospels were possible their performance would have produced a widespread sensation far greater than is represented—the resurrection of Lazarus, for instance. The exceedingly short account of Christ is not a source of weakness, but of strength. The little that is known of him has left full play for the imagination of devout followers. But if it were necessary to send him here to save the world it was equally necessary that the acts which were to save it should be accurately recorded for the benefit of all time. Or if the world could be saved without a record of the acts of the one sent to save it why do we have the New Testament at all? Between the imagination and the allegory nothing substantial has been left to combat. It has withstood the test of time not because it is like a rock but because it is like a vapor.

The conversation with the woman of Samaria, the instructions given to the twelve and the disciples when they were sent forth only to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and other passages, are cited in support of the belief that Jesus never intended to preach to any other than Jews, and that b t for Paul salvation through him would not have been preached to the Gentiles. (He asks, May not this be adduced as possible cause for the suppression of the Gospel of Peter?) Mr. Mitchell says neither of the synoptic gospels tells that John the Baptist acknowledged Jesus to be his superior, and holds that the Gospel of John must have been written long afterwards, for the purpose of supplying this omission, this being necessary because "in the Acts of the Apostles it is disclosed that long after the death of Christ there were followers of John the Baptist, and it is evident that when the fourth gospel was written there were those who asserted that John did not acknowledge Jesus as the superior." "John" exhibits a studied effort to cover this point, "but over-does the work, and through excess of zeal furnishes evidence of untrustworthiness." John the Baptist was the most important man among the Christians after Christ, and if he had taken the position claimed for him it would have been natural for Paul to write much of him, particularly in the Epistle to the Hebrews. But Paul makes no allusion to him in that epistle, and seldom does anywhere.

In the chapter on Josephus the author dwells at some length on previously advanced reasons for the claim that the chief passage in the writings of the Jewish historian relating to Jesus was an interpolation and probably perpetrated by Eusebius. It says Josephus wrote his histories about the time or before the earliest uncanonical gospels were written, and was as old as any of the writers of these gospels. "He comments favorably of John the Baptist, and equally well of the Essenes, but, as for the wonderful events recorded in the New Testament he knew nothing, for there had been no such events." As late as the ninth century Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople, wrote of Justus (who held office in Galilee during the same time Josephus did), that "he makes not the least mention of the appearance of Christ or of what things had happened to him." Mr. Mitchell claims that the only other supposed reference to Jesus in the works of Josephus was not to him at all—that he wrote about James "the son of Damneus," and not the brother of Jesus "who was called Christ."

The chapters about Paul present some radical conclusions. The apostle of the Gentiles did not admit any authority over himself by the other apostles. Not till three years after his conversion did he go to Jerusalem, and then only saw Peter and James. He did not go there again till fourteen years later, and then not to consult, but to communicate to them that gospel which he had preached among the Gentiles. That is to say, he was "sent by the Almighty to instruct those apostles who had been taught by Christ." And then he quarreled with Peter. "There is no room to question the fact that Jesus first, and Peter and all the apostles except Paul, afterward, never consented to the admission into the church of any but circumcised Jews." The Gentile question was the rock upon which they split. "It was that which caused the suppression of the works of Peter and the other apostles by the Gentile church in later times, and caused their otherwise superior position to be superseded by that of Paul." And "Paul knew nothing of the ascension; it had not been thought of in his time. He often spoke of the resurrection, and always had reference to it only when alluding to Jesus having risen."

"The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack" by those students of the scriptures and the history of the the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints." It is not a book that can be safely recommended for miscellaneous reading, for the sincere Christian layman would not feel justified in accepting many of the statements as to fact or the deductions made in regard to them, without consulting some one of the clerical pillars of the faith, whose studies have carried him over the whole ground, including the "side" which Mr. Mitchell seems to think is not the safe one. But the work should be read by doctors of the church and able, educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject, which entitles them to speak with authority, and combat for the benefit of the laity the objections raised by the "higher critics" like Mitchell, who deny that the Bible is an inspired revelation and all its statements are true ones. We doubt not that the allegations and arguments advanced by Mr. Mitchell are answerable and explainable to reasonable minds. At the same time it is not a book to be commended to the perusal of any except those who have made a thorough study of the subject which it discusses.—*Chicago Tribune.*

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, pyschology becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasises strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club-houses" and the ministry, which to him seems a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word-padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor, because he feels that it is true.

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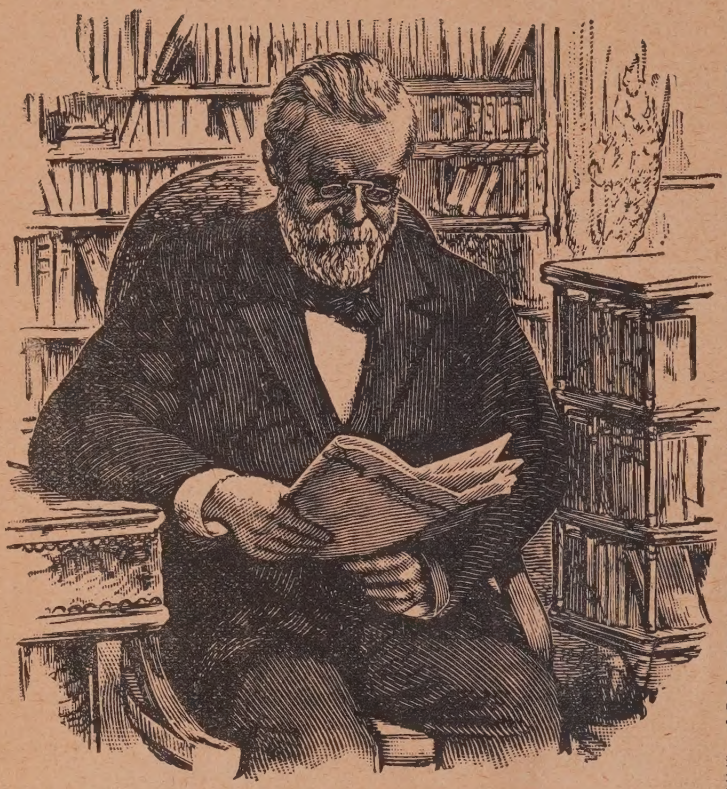

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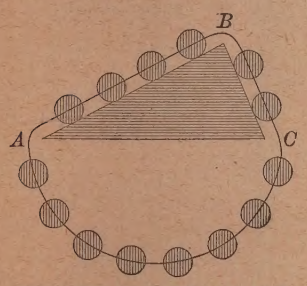

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